

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truly wil I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murderer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poore soule
She speaks this, in th' infirmity of sence.

Isa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleue'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst Caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, euen so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleuee it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleuee no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sence,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madness.

Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serue
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Haue sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeede.

Duke. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i't the wrong

To speake before your time: proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it.

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Isab. In brieft, to set the needlesse proceffe by:

How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,

How he refeld me, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion

I now begin with griefe, and shame to vtter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust

Release my brother; and after much debateiment,

My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,

His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant

For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speaks)

Duke. By heauen (fond wretch) knowst not what thou

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor

In hatefull practise: first his Integritye

Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended

He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,

And not haue cut him off: some one hath set you on:

Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice

Thou cam'st hieere to complaine.

Isab. And is this all?

Then eh you blessed Ministers aboute

Keepe me in patience, and with ripeened time

Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp

In countenance: heauen shield your Grace from woe,

As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:

To prison with her: Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,

On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise;

Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

Duke. A ghostly Father, belike:

Who knows that *Lodowicke*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,

I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,

For certaine words he spake against your Grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer

I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryer,

A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:

I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard

Your royall care abus'd: first hath this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,

Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her

As she from one vngot.

Duke. We did beleuee no lesse.

Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler

As he's reported by this Gentleman:

And on my trust, a man that neuer yet

Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleuee it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;

But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of a strange Feauor: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoever he's conuicted: First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man:
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disprooued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duke. Good Frier, let's heare it:

Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?

Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched tooles.

Give vs some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,

In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge

Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter *Mariana*.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face

Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wi-

dow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of

them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,

And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,

I haue known my husband, yet my husband

Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,

In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,

And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,

When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes

With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges shee mee then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,

Who thinks he knowes, that he nere knew my body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knowes *Isabell*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmask.

This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*

Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:

This is the hand, which with a vovd contract

Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body

That tooke away the match from *Isabell*,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she saies.

Duke. Sirha, no m

Luc. Enoug my L

Ang. My Lord, I

And fiae yeres since

Berwixt my selfe, an

Partly for that her p

Came short of Comp

For that her reputati

In leuitie: Since wh

I neuer spake with he

Vpon my faith, and h

Mar. Noble Prin

As there comes light

As there is sence in tr

I am affianced this m

As words could mak

But Tuesday night la

He knew me as a wif

Let me in safety raise

Or else for euer be co

A Marble Monument

Ang. I did but sm

Now, good my Lord

My patience here is to

These poore inform

But instruments of fo

That sets them on. L

To finde this practise

Duke. I, with my

And punish them to y

Thou foolish Frier, an

Compact with her th

Though they would f

Were testimonies ag

That's seald in appro

Sit with my Cozen, le

To finde out this abu

There is another Frier

Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he w

Hath set the women o

Your Prouost knowes

And he may fetch him

Duke. Goe, doe it

And you, my noble an

Whom it concerns to

Doe with your iniurie

In any chastisement;

Will leaue you; but st

Well determin'd vpon

Ese. My Lord, we

did not you say you

dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non fa*

but in his Clothes, ar

nous speeches of the L

Ese. We shall intrea

and inforce them again

notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vier*

Ese. Call that same

speake with her: pray

question, you shall see

Luc. Not better th

Ese. Say you?

Luc. Marry fir, I th